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S A T Y R O N LINCOLNSHIRE;

In a LETTER from a Gentleman in *Lincoln*,
to his Friend in *Wolverhampton, Staffordshire*.

Neptune, the God, who does the Sea command,
Ne'er stands on Tip-toe to descry this Land;
But seated on a Billow of the Sea,
With Ease their humble Marshes does survey!

The Second Edition.



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A
S A T Y R
O N

Lincolnshire, &c.

S I R,



A P P Y are you that breathe the

'*Hampton* Air,

And drink of rapid Streams, as

Chrystal clear !

While wretched *W E*, the baleful Influence mourn,
Of cold *Aquarius*, and his weeping Urn.

B

Eternal

Eternal Mists their dropping Course distil,
 And drizzly Vapours all the Ditches fill ;
 The swampy Lands a Bog ! the Fields are Seas !
 And too much Moisture is the Grand Disease.
 Here e'ery Eye with brackish Rheum o'erflows,
 And a fresh Drop still hangs at e'ery Nose.
 Here the Winds rule with uncontested Right,
 The wanton Gods at Pleasure take their Flight.
 No shel'ring Hedge ! no Tree ! or spreading Bough
 Obstruct their Course, but unconfin'd they blow !
 With dewy Wings they sweep the wat'ry Meads,
 And proudly trample on the bending Reeds.
 Both North and Southern Blasts the Region feels,
 One sinks us deep in Floods, and one congeals !
 Moated around, the Water is our Fence,
 None come to us, and none can go from hence !

Sure

Sure this is Nature's Goal, for Rogues design'd,
Whoever lives with us, must live confin'd :

Nay, 'tis as vain to wish for Sunny Days,

Altho' the God of Light condense his Rays !

And try his Power ; we must in Water lie,

All still is Marsh ; the Fens will ne'er be dry.

But should a milder Day invite Abroad,

To go through Mire, or wallow in the Mud,

Some envious Ditch will quickly thwart the Road,

And then a small round Twig is all our Hopes,

We pass not Bridges, but we dance on Ropes.

All Dogs here take Water, and we find

No Creature but of an amphibious Kind ;

Rabbits with Ducks, and Geese here sail with Hens,

And all for Food must paddle in the Fens ;

Nay when Provision fails, the hungry Mouſe,
 Will fear no Pool to reach a neighb'ring Houſe :
 The good old dam clucks boldly thro' the Stream;
 And Chickens newly hatch'd affay to ſwim :
 All have a Moorish Taſte, Cow, Sheep, and Swine,
 Savour of Fens, and ſtill on Frogs you dine :
 Bread is your only Sauce, a Barley Cake,
 Hard as your Cheeſe, and as the *D---l* black;
 Our choiceſt drink, (and that's the greateſt Curſe)
 Is but bad Water, made by Brewing worſe :
 To him that hath is always given more,
 And a new Stock ſupplies the riſing Shore :
 Not only Rain from bountious Heaven deſcends,
 But Oceans with an After-Flood befriends ;
 For Nature this as a Relief deſigns,
 To ſalt the ſtinking Waters of the Fens.

As when of *L A T E*, his raged *Neptune* swore,
 This Land his own Part of his lawful Shore;
 He spake, and held his Trident o'er the Plain,
 And soon the Waves possess'd their old Domain;
 They scorn'd the Shore, and o'er the Marshes round²
 Our Mud-wall'd Cott's were levell'd with the Ground;
 Tho' the coarse Building is so homely low,
 That when the House is fall'n you hardly know:
 Bury'd we are alive, the spacious Dome,
 Has, like the Grave, but one poor scanty Room,
 Neither so large or lofty as a Tomb!
 Thus as in the Ark, here in one common Sty,
 Men and their Fellow-Brutes with equal Honour lie
 No joyous Birds here stretch their tuneful Throats,
 And pierce the yielding Air with thrilling Notes;
 But the hoarse Sea-Pyes, with their odious Cry,
 Fly o'er the Marsh to tell that Storms are nigh:

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 Tho' the coarse Building is so homely low,
 That when the House is fall'n you hardly know :
 Bury'd we are alive, the spacious Dome,
 Has, like the Grave, but one poor scanty Room,
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 Fly o'er the Marsh to tell that Storms are nigh :

The curs'd Night-Raven, and the Hooping Owl,
Disturb our Rest, and scar the guilty Soul.

Here Gnats surround me with their humming
Drone,

Worse than e'er plagu'd the *Ægyptian* Tyrant's
Throne!

In vain the weary Limbs expects Repose,
Their Din invades your Ears, their Sting your Nose.
The sighing Lover here may toss and turn,
And under double Itch and Anguish burn ;
While bright *Calinder's* Beauty fires his Heart,
These Devils wound in every other Part :
While yawning, half asleep, his Toast he names,
Wak'd, up he starts, and these new Tortures Damns.
And may the charming too relentless FAIR,
Who haughty, slight their fond Adorer's Care,

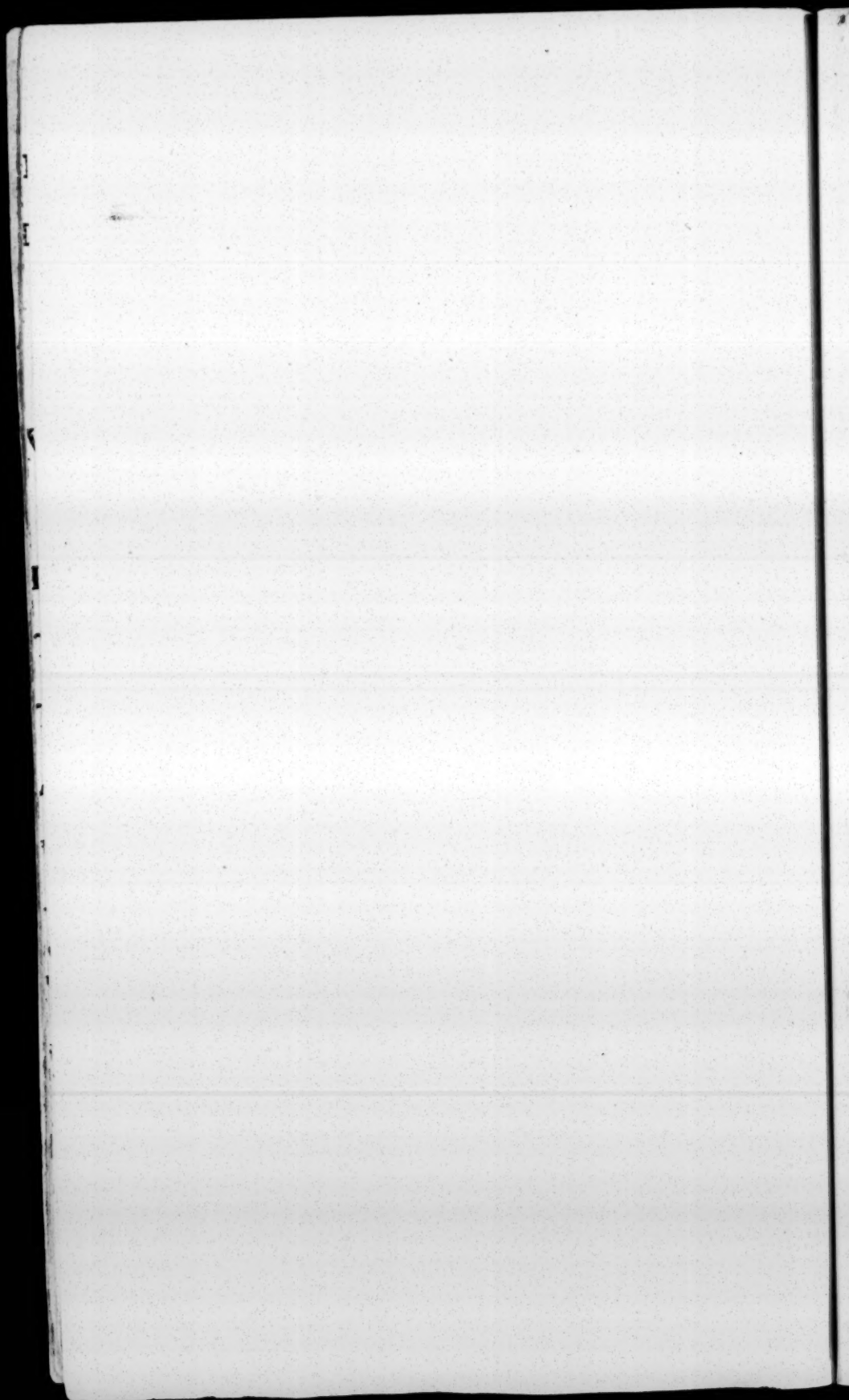
Fretting

Fretting and scratching all the Night employ,
 Nor either kinder, feel a better Joy.
 Methinks, I see these Plagues assault the Breast,
 The Snowy Mount, where *Strephon* fain would rest ;
 Mark'd with the Bite, they rise in full Disdain,
 Yet swell they not with half poor *Strephon's* Pain.
 While *Roger* unmolested with his *Joan*,
 Tir'd with Toils, still snore, and still sleep on !
 Their Auburn Skins impenetrable found ;
 In vain the Gnats previous strive to wound ;
 He sooner might expect his Force to shoot
 Thro' the strong Fortrefs of a tough Jack-Boot !
 And Tawny *Doll*, if e'er the Bed's too warm,
 Turns out her naked Bum, and dares the threat'ning
 Swarm.

I
 D Serpents innumerable o'er these Mud-Banks roam,
 Man's greatest Foe, ---- tho' this his safest Home !
 Nor could he expect a fit Retreat to find,
 More likely to be void ----- of Human Kind ;
 V And yet, if Dust be doom'd the Serpent's Meat,
 'Tis wond'rous strange, if here they ever eat !
 I
 T Agues and Coughs with U S *, as constant reign
 T As Itch in *Scotland*, or the Flux in *Spain*.
 T Under the bending Hill's declining Brow,
 A Where Toad-Stools only to Perfection grow ;
 V A Cave there is, I thought by Nature made,
 T For want of Trees, a necessary Shade :
 V Hither I came, and void of Fears and Drought,
 V Drew near the Ent'rance of this gloomy Grot ;
 A

* *Gainsborough.*

But



But ah ! this was the Place, the dismal Cell,
 Where spitting Colds, and shivering Agues dwell
 The constant Home of the malicious Fiend,
 Who with her Third Day's Visit plagues Mankind.
 Here a small Fire glow'd in a smoking Grate,
 And hov'ring o'er the Coals old *Febris* sat !
 A thick coarse Mantle o'er her Shoulders hung,
 She gnash'd her Teeth, and her cold Fingers wrung
 A *stinking Lake* her craving Thirst supply'd,
 From which a muddy Stream did silent glide :
 Greedy she drank of the unwholesome Brook,
 But still the more she drank the more she shook.
 When me the *Fury* saw, she rais'd her Head,
 And Anger to her Palenefs gave a Red !
 Lost I had been ! Undone ! had I not brought,
 Of *Indian Cortex* an *Enchanted Pot* !
 Thus arm'd with *Sacred Spells* I forward pass,
 And with the *Magick Bark* besmear'd her Face ;

Dreadful she shriek'd, and with one mighty *Shake*;

I The *Flag* sunk down into the Neighb'ring Lake !

E The unhappy Frogs perceiv'd the *Fiend* was come,

As soon the *Croaking Tribes* forsook their Home !

And from the *Pools* to milder *Banks* repair,

X The dreadful chilling Cold they cold not bear,

Their quiv'ring Lips confin'd an Ague there !

I With equal Haste I quit the fatal Grot,

And safe retire ; Thanks to my Sov'reign Pot !

Had mournful *Ovid* been but here condemn'd,

His *Tristibus* more movingly had Penn'd ;

Gladly he would have chang'd this miry Slow,

For colder *Pontus* on the *Scythian* Snow.

The *Goths* were not so barb'rous a Race,

As the grim *Rusticks* of this Motly Place ;

Of Reason void, and Thought ; whom Interest rules

Yet will be *Knaves*, tho' Nature made them *Fools* !

A strange half Human and ungainly Brood,
 Their Speech uncouth, as are their Manners rude !
 When they would seem to *spea*k, the Mortals *roa*r;
 As loud as Waves contending with the Shore !
 Their wided Mouth do in a Circle grow,
 For all their Vowels are but *A* and *O* !
 The Beasts have the same Language, and the Cow,
 After the Owner's Voice, is taught to low !

It never yet could be exactly stated,
 What Time o'th' Year this Ball was first created :
 Some plead for *Summer*, but the Wife bethought 'em,
 The Earth, like other Fruit, was ripe in *Autumn* ;
 While gayer *Wits*, the Vernal Bloom prefer ;
 Think this Nilotic World did first appear,
 In youthful Glory of the *Springing Year*.
 But this curst Place, and all the Marshes round,
 A Sort of Chaos, and unfinish'd Ground,

Were made in *Winter*, one may safely swear;

For *Winter* is the only Season Here.

The daily Want of Fire our Chymnies mourn;

Cow-Dung and Turff may smoke, but never burns:

Water and Earth is all that we can boast,

The Air in Mists and dewy Streams are lost.

We live in Fogs, and in this Moory Sink,

When we are thought to *Breathe*, we rather *Drink*.

Of four prime Elements, all Things below,

By various Mixtures were compos'd; but now,

(At least with us) they are reduc'd to two.

'Tis said at last the World in Flames must die,

And this interr'd in its own Ashes lie;

If any Part shall then remain entire,

And be exempted from the common Fire;

Let Hills, Woods, Rocks, fill up the final Flame;

Secur'd by *Neptune*, this shall be the same.

